

Chapter 288 He Was Angry With Her Injury

The horrid scent of strong disinfectant invaded Gabrielle's nose as soon as she woke up.

White walls were the first thing she saw when she opened her eyes. She immediately knew that she was at the hospital. Lying face down made her feel uncomfortable.

"Are you up?" Westley asked in his ever so chilling voice.

Gabrielle turned to see him sitting next to her. His face was grim, and he had this somber look in his eyes.

She felt as though she was in trouble again. The thought of her upsetting Westley crossed her mind.

After all, she failed to deliver her promise. Gabrielle swore that she would come home early to fix him a meal. It was all cancelled when she was rushed to the hospital after getting hit by Emily at the shopping mall.

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Chapter 208 He Was Angry With Her Injury

He was stood up several times. His anger was justifiable.

Westley was a man of high caliber. How could he possibly let someone stand him up like this?

"I... I can explain."

Gabrielle was about to sit up when Westley sprang on his feet to stop her from doing so.

"Don't move. Your back was badly wounded." He came to her aid and placed a pillow beneath her, avoiding her injury.

Gabrielle had a graze under her right shoulder. She would stay clear of the wound if she propped herself up on a pillow, but she had to sit upright.

The neckline on Gabrielle's hospital gown was quite loose. Westley adjusted her collar before he pulled the duvet over her.

She had always known that he was tremendously attentive. But still, Gabrielle felt the anger brewing inside him.

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Chapter 298 He Was Angry With Her Again

"Go ahead. Give me an explanation. Isn't that what you wanted to do?" With imposingly apathetic eyes, he shot an intimidating gaze towards Gabrielle as he sat back on the chair and crossed his insanely long legs.

"I... I can really explain. I understand that you are irate. I stood you up and threw my promise out the window. It is totally justifiable that you are upset with me. I am terribly sorry!" Gabrielle exclaimed with all seriousness. She felt extremely apologetic and guilty that she almost stood up to bow to Westley.

Her words filled him with utter exasperation. That was not the reason behind him being angry. Although he did feel a bit off when she stood him up, he was more upset over the fact that she let herself get beaten up like this.

"Is that all you can do? Apologize?" Westley said with a chill in his voice. His face exhibited no traces of enthusiasm.

Gabrielle knew better. An apology, no matter how sincere, was not enough to calm him down. This man was nearly impossible to coax.

Chapter 288 She Was Angry With That Injury

"I know my apology will never be enough. Do you want me to say it a hundred times?" She could not help but speak out of turn. Her back was killing her so she was feeling quite cantankerous.

"How could she even get angry with me? Did I hurt her that badly?"

"What good would one hundred apologies do?" Westley gave her a side-eye.

For some god-awful reason, Gabrielle, who had her head down, felt blameworthy. It was definitely her fault. She had absolutely no reason to spite him.

"I have something for you." Gabrielle was suddenly reminded of the tie she bought for Westley. She thought she could use it as an apology gift.

"What?" With curious eyes, Westley looked at her. Gabrielle going out of her way to get him a present exceeded his expectations.

"You hand me my bag." She looked around the room to see her backpack on the small sofa.

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Although it sounded more like a command than a favor, Westley was still compelled to stand up. He brought the bag over, feeling ever so curious if she really got him a gift.

"How are you feeling? Are you in pain? Do you need me to open your bag for you?" Westley asked considerately as he placed the bag down in front of her.

Gabrielle's only injury was situated on her back. Her limbs could still move, but she couldn't do anything too strenuous for the time being. "I'm alright. I can open my bag. How's your hand?"

"Not good, obviously!" Westley barked with an apparent tone of annoyance in his voice. He expected Gabrielle to be on his aid for the duration of his recovery. But alas! She also got injured. It was hard to say who would take care of who.

When she saw how enraged he was, Gabrielle burst into laughter.

"Why are you delighted to know that my hand still hasn't recovered?" Her smile confused Westley but he couldn't help

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but admire her face whenever she was grinning from ear to ear. She looked beautiful.

Gabrielle was gorgeous beyond reasonable doubt. She would turn heads wherever she went, even more so when she smiled. It was no surprise that so many men adored her.

"No... You're just so... Westley, has anyone ever told you how adorable you look when you're angry?" Gabrielle said out of impulse.

Westley's face turned stone and indifferent.

'Adorable?'

Bold of her to say that.

"Here. This is for you." She took out a small bag and tore it open. Inside was a small box.

The black box was sleek albeit simple. At the lower right corner of the package, the brand's name was etched in gold.

Anyone could tell what brand it was.

Westley suddenly recalled that she asked Alvin about his preferences. He could tell

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Chapter 288 He was angry with her for
just by looking at the box that it was a lie
from a shop he frequented.

She really cared about him.

"I really hope you like it. Open the box."

Looks of joy, expectation, and anxiety
flooded Gabrielle's face. She had given a
lot of presents to other people before, but
this time was different. She felt tense
thinking about how Westley would react.

"What if he hates it?"

"What if he already had this one? This
would be pointless."

"I'll help you open it." She was worried
that his left arm was still hurt. It really
looked as if they were a married couple
who vowed to share their good and bad
days eternally.

"You don't have to. My left hand can
work just fine."

"Why did he ask me to feed him then?"
Gabrielle wondered.

Westley sat on the chair and opened the
box.

Neatly folded in the sable brocade box

Chapter 288 He Was Angry With Her Injure

was a blue and black tie embellished with oblique lines. It was simple yet luxurious. It was exactly what he preferred.

"Is it to your liking?" With bright, black eyes, Gabrielle intently looked at him as she waited for an answer.

"Yes." He looked detached. He was over the moon but he opted to respond apathetically.

"Would you like to try it on?" Gabrielle asked as she eyed his collar.

Dressed in a white shirt adorned with a sapphire blue tie that was just a shade lighter than her present, Westley looked exquisite.

"Help me put it on." He hastily took the tie out of the bag and handed it to her.

"But you said your hand was..."

"My hand is in so much pain!"

Westley intently stared at her face as he singlehandedly took his tie off. He looked so domineering doing so.

Watching him remove his tie, Gabrielle was in awe. One of the most attractive

Love in My Heart

Chapter 289 Admit Her As His Wife

Alvin nervously rubbed his nose and walked into the room. He stared at Westley's uneasy and serious face. Then, he darted his eyes on Gabrielle.

The scene he had walked into was completely different from what he had imagined.

It made him a little embarrassed.

Sitting on the bed was Gabrielle, and Westley was standing in front of her. He was hunched forward slightly, allowing her to fix his tie.

In Alvin's eyes, they seemed happy and comfortable around each other. Alvin did not know what the hell he was thinking. He was so wrong.

Westley was a man of incredible self-control. Impulses had no power over him. He knew what and what not to do in different situations.

"I apologize for coming in without

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knocking, Mr. Morris," Alvin muttered.

"So you should. Do I need to stick you into another assistant training seminar?" Westley responded coldly. He did not even turn around to look at Alvin.

"No need, Mr. Morris, but if it pleases you, I will review the assistant rules myself," Alvin replied seriously.

Westley said nothing more and just focused on Gabrielle. He watched her as she did his tie.

Looking at the tie, Alvin understood what was going on. Yesterday, Gabrielle texted him and asked him about the brand of tie Westley liked. Now she was helping him wear that tie, but it looked familiar.

The last time Westley asked Alvin to get him a tie, Alvin brought him the same as the one that Gabrielle was fixing on him right now. But Westley did not like that tie and did not wear it then. Alvin guessed that maybe Gabrielle did not know that Westley already had that tie and did not like it. ❁

Now, seeing Westley seem to enjoy the said tie, Alvin felt that maybe Gabrielle was the reason for it. Westley liked the

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tie because Gabrielle got it for him.

His wife got him this tie! ²

Alvin could not help thinking that underneath their civil treatment for each other and despite their nominal marriage, Westley and Gabrielle were actually and truly in love, and they just had not realized it yet. ⁶

"All right. You're all set." Gabrielle smoothed Westley's shirt and looked at the tie carefully.

"It's pretty. It brings out your eyes. What do you think, Alvin? Isn't it beautiful?" Gabrielle asked, turning to look at Alvin.

Alvin looked at the expertly knotted tie and dipped his chin. "It is, Miss Jones. You've done a splendid job, and you've chosen well on the tie. Maybe you should choose ties for Mr. Morris next time."

Alvin meant his statement with the sincerest of intentions.

"Me?" Gabrielle was stunned for a moment. She had never imagined herself picking out ties for Westley. It seemed like a big responsibility.

"Alvin, that's your job. Don't pass it on to Gabrielle." Although Westley would love Gabrielle to choose his ties for him, he was worried that it would cause her trouble and she would refuse, so he spoke outright.

Alvin immediately understood what Westley meant and quickly corrected himself. "I'm only kidding, Miss Jones. I can't bother you. Mr. Morris's right. It is my job, and I must do it."

Gabrielle just smiled and nodded. "No worries, Alvin. Now, if you have something important to tell Westley, I'll give you two some privacy. I have to go to the bathroom anyway. You guys talk."

"Let me carry you there." It was a genuine offer, but at the same time, Westley found it a perfect excuse to hold Gabrielle.

"Westley, I just hurt my back, not my legs. I can walk to the bathroom on my own. Besides, your hand is still injured. I can't let you carry me. I don't want you ripping your wound open." After saying that, Gabrielle put on her slippers and went to the bathroom.

"Be careful. Shout if you need me,"

Westley reminded her.

His wound was not as serious as Gabrielle thought it was. In fact, he could carry her around the house for ten minutes long and not bleed. He was not as fragile as she made him out to be.

"Okay," Gabrielle answered and shut the bathroom door.

"What's the matter?" Westley asked Alvin as soon as Gabrielle disappeared.

Westley's cold stare and pointed tone made Alvin's heart leap to his throat. Alvin took a steadying breath.

"The Garcia family's taken care of, Mr. Morris. Emily was lucky that we just expelled her from the university last time. It was unspeakable how she dared hurt Miss Jones this time."

"Mrs. Morris," Westley interrupted him.

"I'm sorry?" Alvin was so stunned when Westley suddenly corrected him that it took some time for him to process what he just said.

Soon, he realized that his boss just told him to address Gabrielle officially as the

Mrs. Morris.

"Very well. Mrs. Morris it is. Yes, Emily hurt Mrs. Morris gravely this time. We can't give her any more chances." Deep inside, Alvin was elated for Gabrielle.

Finally, Westley was acknowledging her as his wife, but did it mean that their fake marriage also blossomed into something real?

Alvin could not help smiling to himself. He felt like he was witnessing a fairy tale come to life.

From now on, Westley would have nothing to do with the Collins family. It would most definitely work for Alvin because he really did not like the Collins family anyway.

"She has courted death long enough. Maybe it's time we fulfill her wish. Dig up Emily's past. Find her skeletons in the closet, drag them out, and let the Internet feast on them. Got it?" Westley glanced at him.

Of course Alvin knew what to do.

"Consider it done, Mr. Morris."

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"And get rid of the tie you brought me last time. Now." Westley did not say which tie it was, but Alvin understood which one he was talking about. It was the same as the one that Gabrielle just put on him.

"Of course. I'll go back to the Vineyard Villa later," Alvin quickly agreed.

"Does this tie look good?" Although Westley had not checked himself in a mirror, he was confident.

"It really does, Mr. Morris," Alvin answered fervently. Westley was one handsome fellow, and he was in good shape. He looked good in everything.

Maybe he just did not like the color of the tie last time because of his mood, or maybe he just did not realize how well it suited him until Gabrielle knotted it around his neck.

Either way, Alvin had no complaints. He just wanted his boss to be happy.

A few moments later, the bathroom door swung open. Gabrielle stepped out and saw a weird smile on Westley's face. She knitted her brows at him.

"I'll take my leave, Mrs. Morris. Get plenty of rest. I hope you feel better soon." After saying that, Alvin quickly turned on his heel and left.

Gabrielle made her way back to the bed and sat down. She wondered if she was just imagining the fact that Alvin just addressed her as Mrs. Morris.

"Westley, what did Alvin call me just now?" Gabrielle cocked her head to the side and eyed Westley carefully. ⁵

"What?" Westley pretended that he did not know what she meant. ³

"I think he called me... You know what, forget it." Gabrielle averted her gaze as she felt her cheeks grow hot. Westley had instructed his staff to call her Miss Jones. He did not want his people to recognize her as his wife. Perhaps Alvin just blurted out the address by mistake.

"I've slept the entire night and even the whole day. Did you stay here in all that time?" Gabrielle changed the subject.

"You're thinking too much. I just came in this morning." Westley did not want to admit that he came as soon as he got the call from Mia yesterday. ⁷

He stayed up the entire time that Gabrielle was asleep and waited for her eyelids to flutter open. He was deathly afraid that she was descending into a coma or something because she was badly hurt.

"How's Mia by the way? Have you heard from her?" Gabrielle clearly remembered that Emily also hurt Mia in the arm.

"Her arm was beaten up, but she didn't need to be hospitalized. She went home last night," Westley replied.

"Did she tell you to come here?" Gabrielle was relieved to hear that Mia was okay.

"You should lie down and rest some more. Lie on your stomach or your side. Don't squish the wound on your back, or it won't heal." Westley nimbly dodged her question. He did not want her to pay too much attention to trivial things. 3

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Chapter 290 Too Much Information

Gabrielle fell asleep. She was awoken from her slumber when Sophie brought dinner.

"You're here." With her signature smile, Gabrielle acknowledged Sophie's presence as she sat up from her bed.

Seeing the gentleness apparent in Sophie's face delighted her.

"I was so worried about you, Miss Jones. You have no idea how relieved I am that you've finally woken up. I was tossing and turning in bed when I caught wind of the accident," Sophie said as she laid the food on the table. She had felt awful back then.

"I'm incredibly sorry that I made you worry," Gabrielle retorted with a tinge of guilt in her voice.

"Please don't apologize, Miss Jones. Oh no! I mean... Mrs. Morris. You are Mr. Morris's wife, after all. It is our sworn duty to worry and look after you. Are you

feeling better?" She suddenly recalled what Westley told her prior to leaving. He said, "Gabrielle is my wife now. Call her Mrs. Morris. Not Miss Jones." Sophie was delighted by what she heard. It meant that Westley finally acknowledged Gabrielle as his wife. 5

Sophie had been upset for the duration of the day but what she gathered sounded like music to her ears.

"I'm fine, just a couple of bruises on my back. It really is no big deal. Where is Westley, by the way?"

Gabrielle asked curiously.

Her husband was nowhere to be found. She badly yearned to know where he had gone.

"He went home when I got here. Mr. Morris has been up all night. I don't think he slept much. He must have left to have a couple hours of rest. Don't worry, he should be back here later," Sophie answered.

'What?'

'He was here with me all night?'

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'When I asked him, he said he wasn't. Westley never tells me the truth.'

"Mr. Morris asked me to make chicken soup for you, Mrs. Morris. He specifically said to incorporate ginseng and Chinese medicine into the broth. I simmered it for three hours. The soup should taste phenomenal!" Sophie poured her a bowl of piping hot chicken soup and placed it down in front of her.

"What did you call me?" Something felt off to Gabrielle.

The way they said her name had changed. Sophie called her "Mrs. Morris" now. When Alvin was visiting, he addressed her the same.

She could not quite wrap her finger around the idea of being called that.

"Mrs. Morris." Sophie's eyes brimmed with joy and adoration as she peered at Gabrielle with an apparent smile on her face.

It was without a doubt that she went by that name now.

"Why are you suddenly calling me that?" she questioned the maid out of curiosity.

She did not have the time to seek answers from Alvin because he was in a hurry to leave. Now that Sophie was here to stay for a while, she finally had the opportunity to ask.

"Mr. Morris requested for you to be addressed as Mrs. Morris." The smirk on Sophie's face stretched even wider as she said that.

'Of course it would be Westley! He was the only person bold enough to give them that command.'

'Why would he do that?'

'He was the one who told them not to call me Mrs. Morris before for heaven's sake!'

'Men are indeed from Mars. They are so difficult to comprehend.'

"Isn't it great? This just means that Mr. Morris has fallen head over heels for you. Go ahead and finish your dinner. You shouldn't be thinking about that right now. When Mr. Morris comes back, you can ask him directly, okay?" Sophie let out a huge grin.

Gabrielle did not badger her with any

more questions.

'How could Westley make such big decisions without consulting someone else beforehand? Never mind that. I should have dinner first.'

Gabrielle was having extreme hunger pangs as she was asleep the entire night and for the most part of the day. She was so famished, she felt like she could eat an entire cow. She gobbled up the food so fast, Sophie was afraid that she would choke. Thankfully, dinner ended without any more inflicted injuries.

Sophie left with very few words after tidying up. Gabrielle sat on the bed to try and digest the food when she suddenly decided to call Mia.

It did not take long for Mia to pick up the phone.

"Ouch! Gabrielle? Is this you?" Mia screamed with utmost enthusiasm.

"If you spoke any louder, I would be deaf. Are you alright?" Gabrielle asked with concern evident in her voice.

"I'm fine! My arm is slightly injured but that's about it. Luckily, I was wearing a

leather jacket so the rivet barely managed to scrape me. Emily is a fucking madwoman. Who in their right mind would buy a bag that could pass as a murder weapon? I should file a complaint against the manufacturer of that bag!" Mia was beyond upset. 3

Having heard her string of angry phrases, Gabrielle could not help but let out a boisterous laughter. She cried out in pain because her wound was stretched out after giggling so much.

"Are you okay? You were in coma for almost 24 hours. I was scared to death." Mia could not help but worry about Gabrielle's well-being.

"I'll be alright. Don't worry yourself too much. It's just a few cuts and bruises. I felt fine when I woke up." Gabrielle assured Mia.

"That's good news. Although, I'm not sure if I'm okay. It hasn't been long since Micheal lifted my punishment but now I'm grounded again until I reach full recovery. Gabrielle, when you get discharged, please come over and tell my brother to let me go out. You always manage to talk some sense into him.

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Please," Mia nagged.

"Okay, okay. I will come visit you as soon as I leave the hospital," she promised. After all, it was her fault that Mia was injured. Emily's target was Gabrielle but Mia barged in to take the hit.

"No! Let me go there instead. I should see you as soon as possible now that you've woken up. I will beg Micheal to let me go and take care of you. It wasn't my fault anyway. That bitch of a woman is to blame. Micheal shouldn't have grounded me." Excitement was dripping from Mia's voice as she explained to Gabrielle what she wanted to happen.

"You can discuss it with Micheal but you don't have to look after me." She didn't deem it necessary for Mia to be her caregiver.

"Geez, it doesn't seem like you need me anymore, now that you have your amazing Westley. I get it. Westley is fucking hot. He works so fast, he had already taken care of the Garcia family before I could ask Micheal to do something. Turns out, Emily has a huge selection of sex scandals. Good lord, she has been sexually active since her junior

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high years! That's impressive. But nothing could possibly beat what Westley is capable of. He dug up Emily's past so well he was able to find photos from the bygone era," Mia said, putting Westley in very high regard.

Gabrielle was tempted to read the news herself. Just when she did, a message from Macy popped up on her notifications.

It read, "The list of Miss Emily Garcia's sexual partners."

'What an insane title!'

"Guess what? Emily's outstanding past life is now out for everyone to see! I could only wonder who she offended this time. There is too much information!" Macy, with much enthusiasm, asked her to go through the article.

After saying her goodbyes, Gabrielle hung up on Mia and clicked on the link Macy sent her.

'Damn, this is outrageous!'

The woman she saw in the website was unlike the Emily she knew. It was as if she was a different person. She finally

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understood why she was so arrogant and bossy. It was not only the fact that she was the daughter of the Garcia family. Part of it was because she had a number of sugar daddies behind her back.

It was apparent how efficient Westley was when it comes to digging up people's secrets. He had everything in the palm of his hand, all he had to do was to be curious. She was frightened of what Westley was capable of. Would he dig up her past as well? After a moment of reminiscing, she couldn't recall having scandals at all.

Gabrielle was an orphan. Aside from her foster parents, she didn't have anyone who financially backed her up. Every penny she had was earned through blood, sweat, and tears. She was relieved by the fact that she didn't seem to have a sketchy past and carried on skimming through gossip. 9

Chapter 291 It Is For Her Again

Gabrielle sat in bed and caught up in all her social media. She was so lost in the latest news and hottest gossip that she did not notice Westley come in. When Westley walked in on Gabrielle, he found her busy with her phone. He stood at the doorway for a few moments and waited for her to look up at him, but she did not.

Finally, Westley cleared his throat. However, the sound must be too low to catch Gabrielle's attention because she still hadn't lifted her eyes from her phone screen.

Not until he approached her bedside and she felt a sudden chill approaching her, did Gabrielle lift her head and meet his gaze.

"Hi. You're back," Gabrielle said by way of greeting. She felt a little embarrassed that she did not notice Westley walk in. Her cheeks burned red as she considered hiding under the quilt.

Chapter 291 It Is For Her Again

"Yes, I'm back. What were you looking at on your phone just now?" Westley wanted to know what was so important on her phone that she did not even look up when he came in.

He was not in a good mood now. But when he spoke to Sophie, she told him that Gabrielle had a good appetite at dinner and finished all her food. It made him feel over the moon.

"Nothing. Just catching up on my social media and checking out what's new." Gabrielle flashed him a relaxed smile.

Then, she glanced at his clothes. He had changed his shirt and pants, but the tie that she gave him today stayed on. 5

She suddenly found herself at a loss for words as a warm feeling spread through her chest. Somehow, Westley choosing to keep her gift on him made her feel important and a little happy.

"Oh? Found anything interesting?" Westley leaned over and took a glance at her phone. He was asking rhetorically. He knew exactly what was interesting on the Internet right now.

It was Emily's dirty laundry.

Alvin went to deal with it this afternoon. Now cyberspace was riddled with bits and pieces of Emily's dissolute past. Westley himself could not believe the heap of historical sewage Alvin was able to uncover on Emily. He did not know that Emily had been sleeping around as early as junior high school. She indeed was no better than Gabrielle who spent her youth excelling in school and staying out of trouble. As far as Westley knew, Gabrielle even started university a virgin. ²

"Did you deal with Emily?" Gabrielle asked, eyeing him carefully. Deep in her heart, she already knew the answer, but she wanted to hear it from him.

Who else could fill the Internet with evidence of Emily's scandalous past?

But Gabrielle could not help feeling amazed at the swiftness and brutality of Westley's personal brand of retribution. It took him all of an afternoon to ruin the Garcia family and expose Emily's infamies, including her secret sugar daddies.

As it turned out, Emily had begun leading a life of promiscuity at a very tender age, and she obviously did not mind having

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sexual relations with men twice, even thrice her age.

"She had it coming," Westley answered nonchalantly as he pulled a chair over and sat down beside Gabrielle's bed.

"Thank you. You didn't have to do that for me, but I still appreciate it. You're a very capable man, Westley. You can run a company well and also dig up a person's past so easily and thoroughly. You're the most powerful individual I know, even more powerful than an entertainment company. You sure can find out anyone's secrets." Gabrielle looked at him expectantly.

Westley quickly caught on. "Is there anyone that you want me to look into?" He raised his eyebrows at her. ①

Gabrielle immediately shook her head. "No, no."

It did not feel right for her to ask Westley of anything, especially to investigate someone.

"All right. Now that you know that I can find out anything about anyone, you have to be a good girl and listen to me, or you will be the next Emily." Westley

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curled his lips into an amused grin. He was just pulling her leg.

Gabrielle let out a slight chuckle. What did he mean by saying she would be the next Emily?

Was he going to post her history on the Internet?

"Well, if you're talking about digging up my past and posting it all over the Internet, you're setting yourself up for disappointment. I barely have any past to dig up," Gabrielle answered, laughing a little.

She lived in an orphanage as a little girl. She had not even learned how to crawl when her parents gave her up, and the old dean of the orphanage, who had already passed away, raised her.

When she was two years old, the Jones family took her in and legally adopted her. She spent her adolescence and young adulthood being the best daughter she could be. She focused on her studies while holding down part-time jobs. The only secret she wanted to keep buried was her hopeless infatuation for Bryce.

She did not have anything she feared

would come back and haunt her, so she did not care if Westley tried to stick his nose into her past.

However, considering the immense power he wielded and the wide connections he had, could he help her find her biological parents? ³

Gabrielle instantly dismissed the idea. There was no point in asking Westley to find her real parents. They dumped her in an orphanage before she could even talk. They clearly did not want her.

"How are your wounds?" After a few moments of silence, Westley finally changed the subject. He did not respond right away to Gabrielle's last remark. He did not want her to know that he had already looked into her past. She was right. There was nothing interesting about her history in a debauched kind of way.

But Westley had long since obsessed over Gabrielle's birth parents. Alvin had been searching for them for a long time but still had not found them. Since the old dean who raised Gabrielle died, new leads stopped popping out.

However, Westley refused to give up. He

was still running an investigation with Alvin's help.

He believed that he would find Gabrielle's real parents one day. 5

He wanted to ask them why they abandoned their daughter and whether it was by force of bad circumstances or by personal choice.

"Much better. When the nurse came earlier to change the dressing for me, I took a look. There's a lot of them, but they're not that big. They were caused by the rivets on the bag. I'd really love to go home soon. I don't like staying in hospitals. The smell of disinfectant makes me dizzy." Gabrielle hit Westley with her big, puppy dog eyes. She hoped he would take pity on her and let her go home.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow." Westley neither refused directly nor agreed.

But Gabrielle took his answer as an agreement already.

"By the way, I read an article that said Garcia's company just went bankrupt. Did you do that? And is it because Emily hurt me?" Gabrielle did not think that

she was so important to Westley that he would bankrupt a company for her.

"The fall of the company has nothing to do with you. There was something wrong with their business. I felt compelled to investigate it," Westley replied flatly.

Gabrielle thought for a while and then simply nodded. "I understand. Of course you have to do something about it. You play by the book."

She was right. Westley exposed the Garcia's company because they were doing something unethical, not because Emily beat the hell out of her.

Westley glanced at her and gently patted her head. "What do you think of me, Gabrielle?"

"Well, to me, you're a real-life Prince Charming," Gabrielle smiled. Though Westley thought it was just her attempt at flattery, he still could not help feeling thrilled. 5

But the truth was, Emily hurting Gabrielle was indeed the reason he took down the said company.

Westley was a kind-hearted man to

those who deserved his goodwill, but he was a ruthless beast to those who hurt the people who were important to him. Emily handed her entire family to his judgment when she laid a finger on Gabrielle. She could have left Gabrielle alone, but she did not, and now she and her family had to pay.

Technically, Westley did not directly bankrupt the company. He just snooped around and found terrible problems in their accounts, which he handed over to the relevant department to trigger a company-wide audit. It was the incompetence and duplicity of their management that shoved the company off the building. Westley just made sure that the height from which the company fell was great enough to paint the entire pavement red.

If the Garcia family had just behaved after he got Emily expelled, he would have spared them.

Just like the Johnson family.

The first time Estelle hurt Gabrielle, Westley made sure her family business failed to secure one project after another. He thought that paralyzing the Garcia

family's livelihood was good enough punishment and a lesson they should learn from.

He would not have made Estelle suffer so much had she left Gabrielle alone after hurting her. But Estelle did not. She turned around and had Gabrielle kidnapped, which snapped the last of Westley's patience. He hit back ten times harder. He tortured Estelle and kidnapped her, but her family took no action and went on as if nothing had happened. So he stopped his revenge and didn't bother harming them even more. So he stopped his revenge and didn't bother to harm them even more.

At least he would not banish them from Antawood. ③

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Chapter 292 Don't Mention This Man

The Garcia family was not as smart as the Johnson family. When their daughter started a ruckus, not only did they cover for her, but they also made trouble for Westley, which could only speed up their downfall. They had it coming. Existing in the city was not a viable choice for them.

It did not take much for Westley to fulfill their death wish. Their family business went bankrupt and closed down all in one night.

No one living in Antawood would be able to make it out alive once they got on Westley's bad side. People often made him out to be callous and brutal. He was coined "the King of Hell in Antawood" for a reason.

"Are you going to stay with me tonight?" Gabrielle stole a look at the "King of Hell in Antawood". Apathy was the only thing one could see in his seemingly undisturbed face and chilling eyes.

"Would you assume that I only ever come see you at night if I don't?" There was a shadow of a smile on his face albeit his eyes still looked placid.

Gabrielle glanced at her phone, missing the look on his face.

Jax sent her a message. His text was straightforward. He caught wind of the incident with Emily and asked if he could come to the hospital to check on her.

Her reply was consisted of two short words, "no need".

She turned to gaze at Westley. It looked as if this man really wanted to stay the night.

"You don't have to sleep here if you don't want to. I'm going to be fine by myself. Sophie told me that you were by my side until dawn.

Your hand still hasn't recovered. Staying the night will drain you even more." Gabrielle clearly did not want Westley to stay at the hospital. His hand was injured and so was her back. If they both exhausted their efforts taking care of each other, they would never get better.

"This is a hospital. God forbid something happens to my hand, this would be the most convenient place to be. I would be able to get treatment right away," Westley said with no trace of eagerness. ²

Gabrielle could not find the right words to say.

"Alright, but you should go to bed early tonight," she said dejectedly.

Her living conditions were not exactly ideal. The suite she was in only had a small room. There was barely enough space on the bed for a man as tall as Westley but it would still beat sleeping on the sofa. ¹

Westley was delighted by Gabrielle's concern.

Come morning, Mia came to the hospital with Micheal's blessing. She bought Gabrielle a sumptuous breakfast on the way.

With full knowledge that Westley was in the hospital too, she took initiative and got him a meal as well.

"Gabrielle, I'm here! It's so nice to see you!" Mia, with bags of food on hand,

was practically chirping on her way to the suite. It did not surprise her to see Gabrielle sitting on the bed. Westley was just coming out of the toilet when she arrived.

"Good morning! Should I have come in at a later time? It seems like I caught you in the middle of something." She was evidently apologetic but there was no trace of guilt on her face. 1

Westley staying the night with Gabrielle was something Mia had expected.

"I must have interrupted them. I think I got here way too early. Oh well!"

"Miss Robinson, what brought you here so early?" asked Westley monotonously. Obviously, her premature arrival did not amuse him.

He crossed the distance between him and the sofa, put his jacket on and straightened his tie all in one swift movement.

Mia coincidentally caught a glimpse of his tie.

"Is that Gabrielle's present?"

She fished for an answer. Mia wasn't exactly sure what tie Gabrielle had picked for Westley yesterday.

"Yes," Westley said flatly.

It shocked Mia to know that she was right.

"Looking dapper this morning, Mr. Morris."

She commended Westley with a naughty expression spread across her face.

"Thank you." Westley thanked her with utmost chivalry.

"You must cherish it. Gabrielle literally put everything on the line to retrieve it. That was the last thing she spoke about before she fainted." ④

Mia opted to tell him how gallant it was of Gabrielle for that to be the last thing on her mind during one of the most dangerous moments of her life. There was nothing like it.

Obviously, Mia wanted him to know about it.

Westley immediately turned to glance at Gabrielle and looked at her in wonder. ①

Having heard of what Mia said, Gabrielle was drowning in shame. The fact that Westley got wind of that right in front of her was enough to immerse her in a lifetime's worth of embarrassment.

She wanted to bury herself right then and there.

"Shut up! She's talking nonsense, Westley. Don't listen to her. Mia is taking things out of proportion." Calm and composed, Gabrielle threw Mia a look.

'If anyone is to be the weakest link of the team, it would definitely be Mia.'

Westley looked at Gabrielle without a trace of emotion. "Really? I will definitely look after this tie."

It was news to him how much Gabrielle cared for the tie. Having been informed about this fascinating instance, he felt a more intense affection towards her present. He already liked it before, now he liked it even more.

"You really should. You look exceptionally debonair with it on!"

Gabrielle cheered Westley on.

"I am never not handsome." His narcissism kicked in when he said that all too proudly.

"You're right. You always look nice." Gabrielle looked at him with a helpless look in her eyes.

Mia gave him a shitload of compliments and all she got was a mere polite "thank you". When Gabrielle did the same thing, she was treated differently, to be specific, more sincerely.

'Special treatment? How unfair!'

"Geez, do you have to be this affectionate so early in the morning? This amount of love in the air has spoiled my appetite. I don't think I need breakfast anymore." Mia felt as if they were showing off. ①

Westley was oftentimes apathetic and detached. His change in character and showcase of emotions would be a blockbuster if it were on the news.

She could not help but wonder if there would ever come a time when Micheal would do the same.

"Stay in the hospital, Gabrielle. There are

guards by the door. If you need anything, tell them. Or you could call me if you'd like," Westley said as if he was about to leave.

"I know. I'm not a child. I can handle things myself." A pout escaped Gabrielle's lips as she said that.

"Mr. Morris, don't let the breakfast I bought for you go to waste. Have some of it before you leave." Mia was still a little guilty that she arrived too early. She felt bad that she might be the reason why Westley had to leave.

"No, thank you. I have an urgent matter to attend to at the company. Gabrielle will take my share." He left immediately after he said that.

"Damn, Westley is so stiff. It is true what they say about him. Is he always this cold to you?" Fear and envy was evident in Mia's voice.

But still, she couldn't stand being with a man like Westley. He was so cold, people around him wouldn't need air conditioning in the summer.

"That's just how he is. He is cold to everyone. It's not news to me." The

corners of Gabrielle's mouth twitched.

It would be so frightening if there would come a time when Westley would go all soft and gooey.

"Why does it feel like you've been married for a decade?"

Mia clucked her tongue.

"What are you saying?"

A shy look escaped Gabrielle.

"How are you feeling? Is your back okay? Go eat something. I bought you a healthy breakfast." Mia prepared a breakfast spread for Gabrielle.

"There are still some cuts and bleeding but it's not that big of a deal. I will be out and about in two days."

Gabrielle did not fancy being in the hospital.

"I bought some pork liver porridge for you. It should replace the iron from all the blood you lost." Mia was surprisingly good at looking after her.

"How about you? How are you feeling?"

Gabrielle couldn't help but fret. She was worried about Mia as well.

"I'm fine. I was lucky that my leather jacket was thick enough that it was able to protect me from further injury." She took her coat off to assure Gabrielle that she was alright. Underneath her jacket, Mia had a white t-shirt on. The cut on her arm was covered with gauze. It did not look bad at all.

"I'm glad to hear that. I can't help but worry about you. I'm scared that your injury was nastier than mine. After all, the arm is more fragile than the back." Gabrielle had been upset that Mia had been hurt worse. ③

"I promise, it's okay. I have been a war freak since I was a child. This is barely nothing, it doesn't faze me." Mia casually put her coat on.

"Okay, well... how are you and Cayden?" ②

"Can you stop talking about that man?" Mia shouted. ②

Chapter 293 Could Not Appreciate What Is Good

After staying three days, Gabrielle was discharged from the hospital. The reason was simple: the wound had started to heal and even had scab now. So there was no need to stay in the hospital anymore. She was relieved to leave as she never liked the strong smell of disinfectant. ³

Westley knew that she was impatient and hated the hospital smells. And now that the wound on her back was not serious, she was allowed to go home. He took her back home in the morning.

In fact, even Westley didn't like hospitals. Even at this occasion, he would have taken Gabrielle home. But he didn't want to take any risk and wanted her to receive better treatment.

"Well, it's actually more comfortable at home. Even the air is fresher and relieving." After getting off the car, Gabrielle stood still in the yard. She raised her head, closed her eyes and took

a deep breath in the open.

Westley got off the car and saw her standing. He thought she was being silly and cute as she stood there taking deep breaths.

"Oh c'mon! Everywhere in the city it is the same air. Don't be silly. I know you were smelling the disinfectant in the ward every day which is not pleasant. Still, you need to go inside now. It's windy out here." Westley came towards her. He took off his jacket and put it across her shoulders. He gently patted her head, urging her to go inside.

He wondered if he had seen such a silly woman in his life.

Looking at the black jacket on her shoulders and feeling the warmth of Westley's body, Gabrielle felt something which was indescribable. ①

She felt like she was wrapped in his warmth that would keep all the cold and wind away.

It was winter in Antawood in December. Although it was a southern city, it was still quite cold and windy. And she'd still need to wear a thin sweater and coat.

Gabrielle was wearing a long, thick dress and knitwear. She didn't feel very cold, but now when she put on Westley's jacket, she realized that she needed to be warm.

Thinking of what he had just now said, Gabrielle felt his words were a little rude. He could have said it in a nice way. But, he had to say it so harshly.

That was Westley's nature. He was a straight-forward and headstrong man.

"Huh! You are so boring and unromantic," Gabrielle muttered to herself. But it was loud enough for the man, who strode her into the room, to hear.

"Mrs. Morris, please go inside. It's cold outside. You've just been discharged from the hospital and are likely to catch a cold." When Sophie walked out, she saw Gabrielle standing in the yard while the wind kept blowing.

"Sophie, it's okay. I'm fine. Actually, it's not too cold. Look, there's the sun and it's quite warm now." Gabrielle smiled. She felt very warm wrapped in his jacket.

'It's not warm here but she won't listen.

Mr. Morris really cares about her, looking at Westley's jacket on Gabrielle, Sophie thought to herself.

Sophie was sure that Westley had fallen in love with Gabrielle. He always took everything into consideration when it came to her. Even now he had put his jacket on her shoulders so caringly.

It was really good news. It was a relief now and Miley didn't need to worry about anything.

"Okay, let's go inside." Gabrielle didn't say anything. She turned and walked into the house, holding Sophie's hand.

As days passed, it was getting colder and colder. Gabrielle realized that Westley's birthday was approaching.

She thought of baking a cake for him. She was learning and needed to make a few attempts before the occasion. She wondered if he would like a cake baked by her.

That was not the only thing on her mind. Gabrielle was worried that the cake she prepared would turn out ugly and terrible. Then what? She would be too embarrassed to gift him that.

If the cake was ugly and tasteless, Westley would think that she couldn't do anything right. And considering his bad temper and sharp tongue, she knew he would scorn her. 2

Just thinking of his words and reaction, in case the cake was a disaster, made her feel awful.

Gabrielle calmed herself down. She felt that she was thinking too much. She hadn't even prepared the cake yet. Then how could she know that he wouldn't like it.

Putting all her doubts to rest, Gabrielle went into the room. Westley was sitting on the sofa and drinking coffee. There was a little black furry animal at his feet. It was like a sleeping dog or cat. Gabrielle's attention was immediately on the little creature.

Suddenly, the sleeping dog was awakened by the enthusiastic sound that left Gabrielle's lips. It got on its limbs and looked at her with a pair of black eyes. It started wagging its little tail happily.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

The dog was very young and it kept barking with a cute sound. Anyone who saw the cute dog was surely going to love it.

"Puppy! Westley, it's a puppy!" Gabrielle ran over excitedly and squatted near Westley. She gently held the puppy in her arms.

It was clear that she really liked it and was very elated.

"I can see it too!" Westley said calmly. Seeing her so happy and excited, Westley raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Why is there a puppy in our house? When did you buy it?" Gabrielle turned to look at Westley and asked. She was cradling the puppy, unwilling to let go of it.

"Tucker sent it yesterday. It's the puppy of Black. Take good care of it," Westley said calmly as he saw her play with it.

"Black's child been sent by Tucker! Why didn't he wait for me to return? Tucker is really a good boy." Gabrielle liked Tucker a lot. She was planning to visit him soon.

After all, it was amazing to see a boy so

sensible and obedient. It was very rare.

Westley slightly frowned as he listened to her. "Well, you were in the hospital. So I didn't think it wise for him to visit you there. He had also brought you oranges."

"Are those the oranges planted by his family? Then I want to have them. Where are they?" Gabrielle kept playing with the puppy and started looking for the oranges.

"Gabrielle, what's wrong with you? Have you forgotten that you have just been discharged from the hospital? You have wounds on your back and need to take rest. You are still on medication and are not allowed to eat oranges," Westley said coldly.

The bright smile on Gabrielle's face froze. She looked at Westley and was baffled by his harsh words.

'Why can't I eat it? Tucker has brought them here himself, then what's wrong!

I've never heard any doctor tell that people who get injured and are discharged from the hospital can't eat oranges.

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She decided not to eat any now. She could wait for a few days.

"In that case, I don't want to eat any now. But you must keep some oranges for me. I want to eat them once I recover." Gabrielle tried to negotiate with him so that she could devour those oranges later.

Westley didn't answer her. Tucker had brought many oranges. There were two large boxes and those could be stored for some time.

Westley was adamant about it. 'Keeping in mind the traditional Chinese medicine perspective, oranges are cold. Gabrielle has just been discharged from the hospital with wounds on her back. Eating oranges in winter can be harmful to her. This woman cannot appreciate and understand what is good for her.'

"So, does this puppy have a name?" Gabrielle observed that Westley hadn't replied to her. So she took the initiative to break the ice and diverted the topic. 3

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Seeing that she had taken the initiative to talk to him, Westley did not put on airs anymore, and all the unhappiness on his face slowly receded.

"The puppy doesn't have a name yet. He's just a few days old. I just got him, and I didn't have the time to name him. You can go ahead and pick out his name," Westley explained calmly. 3

He was willing to use the puppy as an excuse to communicate more with her. After all, Gabrielle liked the little guy very much.

"Really? Hmm, what should I name you?" Gabrielle suddenly became nervous.

As a little girl, she loved baby animals and wanted to have a pet of her own, but her foster parents never allowed her.

She never had a chance to name a pet until now.

It was her first time.

So she supposed it was normal that she

was feeling a bit tense.

"What about Little Black?" Westley suggested.

'Little Black?'

It was too generic for Gabrielle.

"He's Black's puppy, so it makes sense to call him Little Black," he added. Westley was not a pet lover, so growing up, he had never had a pet. So he was not really the first person one would ask for a pet name. Westley never had the thought or patience for it. ①

"Black has more than one puppy, so technically, there are many Little Blacks. I want his name to be unique. I'm thinking Blackboo. What do you think?" Gabrielle did not have much experience in naming pets as well, but she thought that uniqueness was a factor to consider when naming a pet.

"He's yours. You can name him whatever you want." Westley just nodded nonchalantly as per usual.

He cared more about the dog making Gabrielle happy than the dog itself.

"Blackboo it is then. It's adorable and sounds like the name of a dark gem. This little guy is my little dark gem. Hi, Blackboo. Do you like your new name?" Gabrielle cooed at Blackboo, and Blackboo stared at her like he understood what she was saying.

Looking at Gabrielle and the puppy, Westley suddenly had a thought. He imagined Gabrielle coaxing a child.

He wondered if she would be as gentle to a baby as she was to Blackboo.

Maybe she would be gentler and look ten times more enchanting.

"Woof, woof, woof!"

Blackboo barked at Gabrielle as if to answer her yes, which was so adorable.

"That's a good boy!" Gabrielle giggled and then turned to Westley. "Why did Tucker give us one of Black's puppies by the way?" she asked. Gabrielle was confused. 4

She did not have a close relationship with Tucker. She liked Black very much, but she never expected to be chosen to adopt one of his puppies.

"The family that borrowed Black for breeding has given Tucker several puppies. He knew you liked dogs, so he decided to let you adopt one. Do you have a problem with that?" There was no emotion in Westley's eyes. He was so good at hiding his true feelings that Gabrielle had given up completely on trying to read him long ago.

But of course Gabrielle had no problem at all with adopting Blackboo. She was very happy that Tucker gave him to her.

"No problem at all. I will take good care of him." Gabrielle was overjoyed.

Hearing her reply, a faint smile appeared on Westley's face and then disappeared quickly.

He had to keep his facial expression neutral around Gabrielle.

Some things were not meant for her to see. At least not now.

"Very well. Blackboo may not be a child, but he's still a big responsibility. I hope you're up for the task. Don't give up on him when things get tough." Westley cleared his throat and eyed Gabrielle

seriously.

"Yes, I know. Don't worry. I will feed him every day, bathe him, and play with him.

"Gabrielle nodded with a determined look on her face.

She had never stopped smiling since she laid eyes on Blackboo. Even a stranger who met her for the first time would be able to tell that she had a soft spot for animals.

'But if she has to feed the dog and even bathe him every day, how could she have time to accompany me?' thought Westley. ❶

"I'll ask Sophie to help you with him. Start by walking him in the yard every morning," Westley muttered.

"All right. Hey, Blackboo, are you hungry? Let me get you some milk. Wait here." Gabrielle stood up, put Westley's coat on the sofa, thanked him, and went to the kitchen.

Soon, she returned with a cup of warm milk in one hand and a small saucer in the other.

"Here you go, Blackboo." Gabrielle

squatted in front of Blackboo who was sitting at Westley's feet.

Blackboo seemed to be comfortable and behaved around Westley. Maybe it was because they had bonded a little over the time that they spent together.

"Go ahead, little guy. Drink your milk. I'll give you more after you finish it." Gabrielle encouraged Blackboo to drink from the saucer, but Blackboo just stared at her, then at the saucer, and then back at her.

Finally, after a few moments, Blackboo tried to drink some milk, but it seemed like he did not know how to drink from a saucer at all. He almost toppled over the saucer when he tried to stick his snout into it.

"Mrs. Morris, you have to feed the puppy with a milk bottle. He's too young, he doesn't know how to drink by himself yet." Sophie walked in with a small milk bottle in hand. ①

It was cute and white and pink, which Gabrielle found pretty.

"Oh, of course, you're right. Give me the bottle, and I'll feed him." Gabrielle stood

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up happily and was about to take the milk bottle from Sophie, but Westley suddenly interjected.

"Let Sophie feed him. Don't move around too much. You've just been discharged from the hospital, remember? Have a seat and relax." Westley could not stand it anymore. Since Blackboo arrived, all of Gabrielle's attention had been on him. Westley did not like it when Gabrielle was too preoccupied to notice him. ③

"I'll just have to hold the bottle over his mouth. It's not too much work. I'll be fine." Of course Gabrielle wanted to feed Blackboo herself because she wanted to bond with him.

Westley did not even look at her. Instead, he looked at Sophie, and Sophie immediately understood what he meant.

"I'll take care of the little guy, Mrs. Morris. Don't worry about him. You should take it easy." Sophie withdrew the bottle from Gabrielle.

Gabrielle knew that Sophie took orders from Westley. She could not just grab the milk bottle away from her. Conceding, Gabrielle dipped her chin and took a seat on the sofa.

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"His name is Blackboo, Sophie. You can call him Blackboo." Gabrielle flashed Sophie a weak smile.

"Blackboo. What an adorable name," Sophie replied and went to feed the puppy.

After Sophie put the bottle in his mouth, Blackboo almost immediately drank it. After a few moments, the bottle was empty, and Blackboo's little tummy was bulging. He was so full.

He hobbled back on the carpet toward Westley and settled by his feet. He looked as if he wanted to sleep.

"Oh, Blackboo is so cute, and he likes you very much, Westley," Gabrielle could not help saying. ①

"Maybe it's just because I was the first person he saw when he arrived here." Westley did not have that much affection for animals, but animals had always been drawn to him.

In the past, every time he went to a zoo or a farm, the animals would always try to approach him, and they would only go away when he told them to.

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So he was not surprised that Blackboo wanted to be near him.

"It seems that you're quite popular among baby animals." Gabrielle looked at him with an adoring smile on her face. Westley was a little startled by the indescribable tenderness in her eyes.

"I suppose I'm not that bad to repel them," Westley replied modestly.

"I'll take Blackboo out to enjoy the sunshine for a while." Gabrielle bent down and picked up Blackboo.

"He's trying to sleep. Let him. Besides, it's not that sunny outside. It's windy and cold. You and Blackboo are going to freeze out there. Stay here." Westley stopped her.

"We'll go to the garden house then," Gabrielle insisted and stood up.

Before Westley could protest more, his phone rang.